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GERMAN PRINCE AGAIN!

Tour in Germany, Holland, and England, in the years 1826, 1827, *and* 1828, *&c.* by a German Prince. Vol. IV. E. Wilson.

More "last words" and confessions, and another volume from "the German Prince!" Many readers, perhaps, are heartily tired of the eternal Puckler Muskau, while not a few look forward with a sort of curiosity to the materials with which three hundred and odd pages, after the thousand and one that have gone before them, are to be filled. The present volume certainly flags in interest, and the details into which it enters, exhibit little of novelty or intrinsic merit when compared with the admirable national and graphic sketches of our foreign friend's earlier penmanship. He becomes sensibly heavier and more addicted to twaddle and dull personality on the turn of every page; —London "life," indeed, appears to have sadly deadened his faculties, and his exit therefrom (which commences the originally first-published volume) we consider a most fortunate deliverance.

Before we proceed to give our final budget from these gossipping pages, we will turn to page 78, where our author, mightily puzzled about the composition of the head he carries on his shoulders, pays a visit to Mr. Deville, in the Strand, requesting the phrenologist to grant him "an especial share of attention." A "phrenological portrait" ensues, which the happy prince himself, with much interest and scrupulous exactness sketches down from the mouth of the worthy Gallite. This description extends to nearly six pages, which being, like lost pocket-books, "of no value to any but the owner," we shall merely glance at.

In the first place, doubtless as a consolation and warning to his *dear Julia*, "his friendship is very difficult to win, and only can be gained by those who devote themselves with the greatest fidelity. In this case, however, he will requite their attachment with unshaken constancy." Yet in the next clause we learn, that "neither the passion of *love*, of hatred, nor any other, has very *enduring consequences* with him." Here Prince Puckler makes a nice distinction between the unshaken attachment of friendship, and that of love;—under which class, then, do all the fine things which he writes to his dear Julia come?

Next, he has the love of arts, and, if he chose, might become a great proficient "with little difficulty." He has "the power of composition strongly marked upon his skull," and is not in any way an imitator.

He has a strong sense of harmony and order, and is capable of giving servants a great deal of trouble on this score.

He enjoys a strange conglomeration of the love of rambling and of domestic life.

He has "an acute understanding," yet a visionary and enthusiastic turn. He is profoundly religious, with no form of religion;—but a kind of reverence for First Cause "under a moral point of view."

The next item we can well believe correct; it is the origin of all that littleness and pettishness of spirit, which is too often observable in his writings, and which we have hitherto rather chosen to laugh at, than attribute to an ill disposition. "*You are vain*," says Mr. Deville,—"not in the way of those who think themselves anything great, but of those who *wish* to be so. Hence, you are not perfectly at your ease in the society of your *superiors*, in any sense of the word,—nay, even of your *equals*. You are perfectly at ease only where, at least on one point, either from your station, or from some other cause, you have an acknowledged preponderance." Contradiction, satire, or coldness, or any other treatment by which his overweening vanity may be hurt, paralyses his faculties. Nevertheless, he says, his judgment is strong, that he is a great venerator of truth, and can put up with an unpleasant truth concerning himself, provided it be said with no hostile motive.

Levity is one of his characteristics, yet cautiousness, and a looking into the future, is a principal occupation with him. Again, "he is continually aspiring, is covetous of distinction, and very sensitive of neglect, has a great deal of ambition of various kinds," the objects of which he is continually changing before their several attainment.

He has, however, "qualities which make him capable of no common things;" upon occasion of great excitement, "the nobler powers are called forward, and the meaner ones recede." He values money only as the means of accomplishing his objects, and wants to have all his wishes gratified in a moment "as with an enchanter's wand;"—in short, he is a most extraordinary piece of goods, which nobody but Mr. Deville, himself, and his "dear Julia," appear to have been able properly to understand. His vanity and selfishness have proof enough, and we believe they met with many an unpleasant rebuff in the "no-respecter-of-persons" society of the metropolis, which he now and then pretends unduly to satirise.

He ridicules the English for worshipping titles; yet, with his usual contrariety of disposition, he quite forgets that his princely dignity had more than once failed to obtain for him that indemnity for breach of decorum, which, in English society, the highest and the lowest are equally bound to observe. He complains, for instance, of the heinous crime of shutting up one's private premises from the profaning eyes of the vulgar, and was greatly huffed, (when upon a certain occasion, through the good nature of the porter, he had been admitted to some pleasure grounds,) that an old gentleman, in evident perturbation, threw open the window, and, we suppose, in bad French, inquired who he was, and what his business? He "thought it too ridiculous to shout back the answer from such a distance," and accordingly took his departure, leaving something in the shape of a message with the servants. A few days afterwards, out of impertinent fun, he called at the house again to inquire after the old gentleman, when he found, as he confesses, to his sorrow, that through his former importunity, the old family porter had lost his situation.

Another instance of yet more flagrant insolence occurred on an equestrian expedition, when, being caught in a heavy shower of rain, he sought for shelter. "At last," he says, "I reached a village, when, in despair at not finding even a gateway under which to take shelter, I sprang from my horse, and seeing a cottage door open, went in, and found two old women cooking something over a fire. *In England every thing domestic is held so sacred and inviolable*, that a man who enters a room without having cautiously announced himself and begged pardon, (terrible hardship for well-bred, aristocratic foreigners!) instantly excites alarm and displeasure. Although the cause of my intrusion ran in pretty obvious streams from my hat and clothes, I was not very cordially received by the old ladies. (Why should he?) But what was the rage and horror of my hostesses '*malgré elles*,' when

my steed, whose sagacity would have done honour to Nestor himself, walked in at the door, and with a look of sly, affected stupidity, began to dry his dripping ears at the fire. I thought the women would have died with rage, and I with laughing."

This is, we suppose, a fair specimen of continental gallanters, and, doubtless, reckoned very clever, especially by the young lady to whom it is told in such flippant terms.

So much for his impudent vanity;—now for his invention and "power of composition." Sending some extracts from a book to his fair *confidante*, he says,—"Now for a secret:—when I send you extracts from books, you are never to swear whose they are: for, thanks to *my boasted organ of composition*, (you see I am still busied with Mr. Deville,) exact transcribing is almost an impossibility with me. A borrowed material always becomes something different, *if not something better*, under my hands." After this confession, how are we to receive the official document of *self*, which he pretends to have written down bit by bit, as it was propounded by the mighty oracle of skulls?

Now for a touch of the enthusiastic and visionary amusement, which, it appears, he is occasionally addicted to. The reflections on a penny-piece are truly sublime!—"As I was driving home, I had taken a quantity of small money in change at the turnpikes, and I amused myself in an odd humour, by letting a penny fall quietly out of the carriage every time I saw a poor, ragged person. Not one of them perceived it; all passed over it." Wonderfully dull on the part of the "poor ragged" pedestrians, and no less wonderfully witty in our luxurious German prince, who, lolling in his carriage, had not charity enough to relieve their wants, but could still "amuse" himself by turning their necessities, through his superabundance, into ridicule! But hear the moral reflection which follows, and which is so superior to the frolic itself, that, taking advantage of his caution last quoted, we must set the whole affair down as the creation of fancy:—"Just so," he says, "does fortune with us! She drives continually through the world in her chariot, and throws out her gifts blindfold. How seldom do any of us see them, or stop to pick them up! We are generally seeking elsewhere at the lucky moment."

With respect to "affairs in general," the present volume offers but scanty materials for extract;—what there are is of a description not inferior to what former volumes have presented us, and we make a selection accordingly:—

Almack's—"The first Almack's ball took place this evening; and from all I had heard of this celebrated assembly, I was really curious to see it; but never were my expectations so disappointed. It was not much better than at Brighton. A large bare room, with a bad floor, and ropes around it, like the space in an Arab camp parted off for the horses; two or three small naked rooms at the side, in which were served the most wretched refreshments; and a company into which, spite of the immense difficulty of getting tickets, a great many 'Nobodies' had wriggled; in which the dress was generally as tasteless as the 'tournure' was bad;—this was all. In a word, a sort of inn-entertainment; the music and the lighting the only good things. And yet Almack's is the culminating point of the English world of fashion.

"This overstrained simplicity had, however, originally a motive. People of real fashion wished to oppose something extremely cheap to the monstrous 'faste' of the rich 'parvenus;' while the institution of lady-patronesses, without whose approbation no one could be admitted, would render it inaccessible to them. Money and bad company, (in the aristocratical sense of the word,) have, however, forced their way; and the only characteristic which has been retained is the unseemly place, which is not unlike the 'local' of a shooting ball in our large towns, and forms a most ludicrous contrast with the general splendour and luxury of England."

Again, skipping three hundred pages:—

"The far-famed Almack's, and the unrivalled puisance of the lady-patronesses, I have already described to you. I must add two signal acts of their power: In a fit of pretty ill-humour these high and mighty ladies ordered that no person who came after midnight should be admitted. Soon after, the Duke of Wellington came from the House of Lords a few minutes too late, and thought he should be certain to find an exception in his favour. 'Point du tout'—the hero of Waterloo could not carry this fortress, and was obliged to retreat.

"Another time the lady-patronesses issued a decree, that only gentlemen who were bow-legged should be permitted to appear in loose pantaloons; all others were ordered to wear breeches;—in England, where the very name is forbidden, certainly a bold decree. The dread of the new tribunal of inquisition was so great, that at first even this edict was obeyed. But a re-action followed. A great number of gentlemen appeared at the door in the prohibited pantaloons, and demanded admittance on the plea of crooked legs, of which they declared themselves guilty; and, in case they were not believed, invited the lady-patronesses to convince themselves of the fact by personal inspection. From that time the ladies have winked at this offending portion of male attire."

Sir Gore Ouseley.—"At the Duke of Clarence's, in the evening, I made the acquaintance of a very interesting man, Sir Gore Ouseley, late ambassador to Persia, who was accompanied by Mr. Morier, the author of Hadji Baba, as his secretary of legation. I must tell you two or three characteristic anecdotes of that country, which I heard from him.

"The present shah was held in such a state of dependence by his prime minister, Ibrahim Khan, who had placed him on the throne while yet a child, that he had little more than the name of a ruler. It was impossible for him to make any resistance, since every province or city throughout the empire was governed, without exception, by relations or creatures of the minister. At length the shah determined to withdraw himself at all risks from such a bondage, and devised the following energetic means, which bear the genuine stamp of Oriental character. According to the ancient institutions of the country, there exists a class of soldiers, thinly scattered through all the principal towns, called the king's guard. These obey no order that does not proceed immediately from the king himself, and bear his own private signet:—this guard has thus remained the only body independent of the minister, and the sole sure support of the throne. The king now secretly despatched orders, written by his own hand, to the chiefs of this faithful band, requiring them on a particular day and hour to put to death all Ibrahim's relations throughout the kingdom. On the appointed day the shah held a divan, sought to bring on a dispute with Ibrahim, and when the latter assumed his usual lofty tone, commanded him immediately to retire to the state prison. The minister smiled, and replied—'that he would go, but that the king would be pleased to consider that the governor of every one of his provinces would call him to account for this act.' 'Not now, friend Ibrahim,' exclaimed the king gaily,—'Not now.' Then drawing out his English watch, and casting a withering glance at the perplexed minister, he coolly added—'At this minute the last of your blood has ceased to breathe, and you will soon follow.' And so it happened.

"The second anecdote shows that the shah acts on the principle of the French song, which says—'quand on a dépeuplé la terre, il faut la répeupler après.'

"At Sir Gore's audience of leave, he begged the shah graciously to tell him what was the number of his children, that he might give his own monarch correct information on so interesting a subject, provided, as was probable, he should make any inquiry. 'A hundred and fifty-four sons,' replied the shah. 'May I venture to ask your majesty how many children?' The word daughters, according to the rules of Oriental etiquette, he

dared not to pronounce; and indeed the general question was, according to Persian notions, almost an offence. The king, however, who liked Sir Gore very much, did not take it ill. 'Ha, ha! I understand you,' said he, laughing; and called to the chief of his eunuchs, 'Musa, how many daughters have I?' 'King of kings,' answered Musa, prostrating himself on his face, 'five hundred and sixty.' When Sir Gore Ouseley repeated this conversation to the empress-mother in Petersburgh, she only exclaimed—'Ah, le monstre!'"

"*Children's Balls* are now the order of the day, and I went to one of the prettiest this evening at Lady Jersey's. These highborn northern children had every possible advantage of dress, and many were not without grace; but it really afflicted me to observe how early they had ceased to be children; the poor things were, for the most part, as unnatural, as unjoyous, and as much occupied with themselves, as we great figures around them. Italian peasant-children would have been a hundred times more graceful and more engaging. It was only at supper that the animal instinct displayed itself more openly and unreservedly, and, breaking through all forms and all disguises, reinstated Nature in her rights. The pure and lovely natural feeling, however, was the tenderness of the mothers, which betrayed itself without affectation in their beaming eyes, made many an ugly woman tolerable, and gave to the beautiful a higher beauty.

"A second ball at Lady R——'s presented the hundredth repetition of the usual stupid throng, in which poor Prince B——, for whose corpulence these squeezes are little adapted, fainted, and, leaning on the banister, gasped for air like a dying carp. Pleasure and happiness are certainly pursued in very odd ways in this world."

Funerals Unlucky.—"On my way home I met a number of funerals, which indeed in a gulf like London, where death must be ever at work, is no wonder; and yet I must always regard it as a bad omen, even though the superstition that deems it so belong rather to Bedlam than to a reasonable head. With me it has some foundation.

"When I was very young I was once driving in a curricle through the town of J——, where I then resided. A long funeral procession met me: I was forced to stop; and as my horses were shy and restive, I had some difficulty in holding them in, and at length became infected with their impatience. I broke through the train, and inconsiderately exclaimed—'The d——l take all this absurd funeral pomp; I can't be detained by it any longer.' I drove on; and had scarcely gone fifty paces further, when a little boy darted out of a shop door, and ran with such rapidity between the horses and the carriage that it was impossible to check them till the wheel had passed over the whole length of the poor child's body, and he lay lifeless on the pavement. You may imagine my mortal terror. I sprang out, raised the little fellow, and a number of people were already gathered around us, when the mother rushed forward, rent my heart with her cries, and excited the people to take vengeance on me. I was obliged to harangue the crowd to allay the rising storm; and after relating the manner of the accident, giving my name, and leaving money with the mother, I succeeded, not without some difficulty, in regaining my carriage, and escaping from the tumult. I was near the gate, to which you descend by a tolerably steep hill. I was so absorbed by the thought of the accident which had just occurred, that I did not attend to the reins,—one slipped out of my hand. The horses, already hurried and alarmed by the confusion, set off and came in contact with a waggon, with such force that one of them was killed on the spot, and my curricle smashed to pieces. I was thrown out with great violence, and for a moment rendered senseless by the shock. On recovering, I found myself lying with my face pressed so close to the ground that I was almost stifled. I felt, however, the plunging of a furious animal above me, and heard the thunder of blows which seemed to strike my head, and yet gave me but little pain. In the midst of all, I clearly distinguished the cries of several persons around, and the exclamation—'He is a dead man—shoot the horse instantly!' At these words I received a blow on the temple which entirely deprived me of sense.

"When I opened my eyes again, I was lying on a mattrass in the middle of a miserable room; an old woman was washing the blood from my head and face, and a surgeon, busied with his instruments, was preparing to trepan me. 'Oh, let the poor gentleman die in peace!' cried the woman, compassionately; and as I thought I felt distinctly that, spite of my external wounds, I had received no internal injury, I happily found strength to resist the operation; though the young man, who was an hospital pupil, was extremely eager to prove his skill—which, he encouragingly added, he had not yet had an opportunity of trying—upon my skull. I exerted all my remaining strength, ordered a carriage, asked for water and a looking-glass, in which, however, I could scarcely recognise myself, the greater part of the skin of my face being left in the high-road. It was not till nature had replaced it by a new one, that my groom, who was sitting by me at the time of the accident, and was thrown into a field by the road-side and but little hurt, told me what strange circumstances had attended the accident. The pole of the curricle had splintered like a lance against the waggon; the light vehicle fell forwards, and I with it. The stump of the pole had stuck into the earth, and had fastened down my head. Upon me lay the horse entangled in the traces, making the most furious efforts to get free, and continually kicking with his hind feet against the broken pole, which thus became my sole preserver, by receiving the blows which would otherwise have dashed my head into a hundred pieces. This lasted almost a quarter of an hour before they could disengage the horse.

"From that day I never liked meeting funerals.

"As postscript to these reminiscences of my past life, I must add one comical incident. The boy I ran over recovered completely, and six weeks after his accident and mine, his mother brought him to me with rosy cheeks, and dressed in his Sunday clothes. As I kissed him and gave his mother a parting present, the poor woman exclaimed with tears of joy, 'Oh, sir, I wish my boy could be run over so every day of the week!'"

Prison Wardrobe, York.—"From ruins and death I proceeded to the living dead, who pine at the foot of the hill—the poor prisoners in the county jail. Externally their dwelling appears a palace. The interior has a very different aspect; and my heart ached for the poor devils who were to sit the whole winter through till March, in cells, which are clean, it is true, but chill and damp, only *on suspicion;* with the pleasant prospect, perhaps, of being hanged at the end. If they are acquitted, they have no indemnification to expect. In the court in which the debtors were allowed to walk were two horses, a she-goat, and an ass. In all the rooms and cells I visited, I observed the greatest cleanliness and order. But the strangest peculiarity of this prison was a sort of thieves' wardrobe, arranged with real elegance, like the wardrobe of a theatre. A jailor, whose head was considerably overloaded with drink, stammered out the following explanation:

"'Here you see the wigs of the famous Granby, which disguised him so, that for ten years he could never be caught. He was hanged here in 1786.—Here is the stake with which George Nayler was knocked down two years ago on the road to Doncaster. He was hanged here last spring.—Here is Stephens's "knock-down," with which he killed six people at once. He was hanged here likewise two years ago.—Here are the enormous iron leg-bolts, the only things that would hold Fitzpatrick. He escaped seven times out of the strongest prisons; but these leg-bolts, which I fastened on him myself, were a little too heavy for him. (They were complete beams of iron, which a horse could hardly have dragged along.)

He did not wear them long, for two months afterwards, on the first of May,—a beautiful morning 'twas,—he was sent to another world. Here are the machines with which Cook coined false money. He was quite the gentleman—hanged in 1810.'

"'Pray,' interrupted I, 'what sort of a weapon is this immense wooden mallet?'

"'Oh!' grinned the old fellow, 'that's innocent enough; that's only what I break sugar with when I make negus, he, he, he!—only I put it here ready.'

"The wardrobe was immediately adjoining his room, and seemed an amateur collection, which owed its rise entirely to his own taste and zeal. How various are the hobby-horses of men!"

Sir Walter Scott.—"I was invited again to dinner at the Duchess of St. A——'s country-house, where a very agreeable surprise awaited me. I arrived late, and was placed between my hostess and a tall, very simple, but benevolent looking man of middle age, who spoke broad Scotch,—a dialect any thing but agreeable; and would probably have struck me for nothing else, had I not soon discovered that I was sitting next to—the Great Unknown. It was not long ere many a sally of dry, poignant wit fell from his lips, and many an anecdote, told in the most unpretending manner, which, without seeming brilliant, was yet striking. His eye, too, glanced, whenever he was animated, with such a clear, good-natured lustre, and that with such an expression of true-hearted kindness and natural feeling, that it was impossible not to conceive a sort of love for him. Towards the end of dinner he and Sir Francis Burdett told ghost-stories, half-terrible, half-humourous, admirably, one against the other. This at last encouraged me to tell your famous key story, which I embellished a little in the 'dénouement.' It had great success; and it would be droll enough if you were to find it in the next romance of the prolific Scotchman."

Duchess of St. A——'s Fête.—"Yesterday, the wedding-day of the Duchess of St. A—— was celebrated by a very pleasant rural fête at her villa. In the middle of the bowling-green was a maypole decorated with garlands and ribbands, and gaily-dressed peasants in the old English costume danced around it. The company wandered about in the house and garden as they liked; many shot with bows and arrows; others danced under tents, swung, or played all sorts of games, or wandered in the shade of thick shrubberies; till at five o'clock a few blasts of a trumpet announced a splendid breakfast, at which all the delicacies and costly viands that luxury could furnish, were served in the greatest profusion.

"Many servants were dressed in fancy dresses as gardeners; and garlands of fresh flowers were hung upon all the bushes, which produced an indescribably rich effect. The day, too, was so singularly fine that I was able, for the first time, to see London quite clear from fog, and only slightly obscured by smoke.

"As night drew on, the effect of the garlands of flowers was renewed by many coloured lamps, tastefully distributed amid the trees, or half hidden among the thick shrubs. It was past midnight when breakfast ended.

"There was a concert, and then a ball, at which the lovely German waltzer outshone all her rivals, and with the most unpretending air, as if she did not perceive one of her conquests. Perhaps there never was a woman who had the art of appearing more innocent and childlike; and certainly this captivating sort of coquetry is the greatest charm, though not perhaps the greatest merit of women."

Englishwomen.—"In 'negligé,' and when they move at ease in their own houses and their accustomed circle, young Englishwomen often appear to great advantage; in 'parure' and large parties, scarcely ever; for an uncontrollable timidity, destructive of all grace, so paralyses even their intellectual powers, that a rational conversation with them would certainly be a most difficult matter to obtain.

"Of all the women of Europe, I therefore hold them to be the most agreeable and 'comfortable' wives; and at the same time the most incapable of presenting themselves with grace, address, or presence of mind, and the least fitted to embellish society. In this judgment the praise manifestly far outweighs the censure."

With this we take a long farewell of our amusing but petulant friend, Prince Puckler Muskau, his "whim-whams and opinions," and his everlasting "Tour."

LIFE.

Frederick Wilding; or, the Ways of the World. A Novel. 3 vols. Baldwin and Cradock.

"It has been remarked, that no one passes through life without some few events befalling him in his passage, which, if put down, might benefit and help mankind." It is truly so remarked, but surely it is not every one who has the judgment to discriminate such events as may benefit mankind, nor the ability to put them down as they ought to be;—else all the world would be novel writers and moral philosophers! We can imagine Mr. Wilding (treating this as a *bonâ fide* autobiography,) a happy, self-complacent, good-natured, middle-sized, and middle-aged man of the old school, luxuriating in some quiet snug retreat, where, by reason of the good opinion he holds of himself, and the reputation he brings with him from "the world,"—he struts about the cock of the party, and indisputed oracle on all matters of taste and etiquette. We can imagine him spouting forth in *alto voce*, and at the top of a jolly table, the coarse but fun-less reminiscences, which form the materials of these volumes,—we can imagine the applause which attends his narrative, and picture to ourselves the veneration with which the "man-of-the-world" orator must have inspired the gaping gawky throng around him—and we can well believe that, inspired by their approbation, he required little extra provocation to put pen to paper and write a book.

It seems that it was the perusal of Mr. Bulwer's "Pelham" that finally drew his dormant energies into action, and the task was resolutely commenced. But, oh, the trials of authorship! With pen in hand, and paper before him, and fame, also, in perspective, his volubility is sadly sobered down, and before he had completed fifty pages, he finds himself "at a stand still;" "had said all that he had to say, and our tale was at an end!" His good stories, reduced to simple matter of fact, cut but a sorry figure, and he made the discovery, that "something more than a mere relation of the incidents of a man's life, between his birth and his three-and-twentieth year, was necessary, to the construction of a novel!" This discovery showed some shrewdness on the part of our would-be author, and his confession of it speaks so highly to his honesty, that we could wish he had taken the hint in time, and retreated from, instead of persevering in, the arduous apprenticeship of novel writing. Not so, however, had the Fates decreed, and accordingly our author, and his assistant friend, resolving to enrich their pages with as much description of romantic scenery, as a long residence "in a flat and most unromantic-looking country" would enable them, and filling up the remaining deficiency "by an extra portion of dialogue," we find them both agreed, before commencing a second construction of their story, "to read the novels of some of the eminent masters," in the hope of gleaning the above desiderata, together with "a few moral sentiments and precepts." Then they found out, moreover, that besides amusing the curiosity, a novel ought to "improve the hearts and minds of its readers," and that, to do all this, the novel-writer "ought to know something of human nature before he attempts to describe it."

Here we arrive at the true secret of Frederick Wilding's failure. We have read the greater part of the first volume, and as we will take upon us to predict that no one having so done, will dive very deeply into the second, we are not afraid to confess the limits of our researches. The name of our hero would almost explain his character and eventful history,—his round of jollifications, speechifications, and potations, with gambling, fighting,

and other excesses of debauchery, in, what our author would term, "society," but, more truly, in a circle entirely without the pale of society *comme il faut*. All this is thought very clever, and is dedicated, at the end of a preface full of garrulity and self-satisfaction, to "Prince Posterity," a worthy individual, whom we are afraid must ever remain in blissful ignorance of the honour so bequeathed to him; notwithstanding the circulation of "two hundred and fifty thousand copies," which is anticipated as the sale of the work!

Master Wilding begins his predatory career when scarcely beyond the reach of petticoat discipline, and, while at Westminster school, amuses his evening and leisure hours by scaling the paternal walls of a neighbouring young damsel, some two years older than himself. Being well nigh caught in an expedition of this kind, a school-fellow happens to be accused and convicted of the offence; when the ghost of our hero's grandfather affrights his youthful magnanimity into the usually much-boasted parade of confession. "This was the first opportunity," says he, "that had presented itself to me, of putting in practice some of those principles of honour and courage, of which my grandfather used to tell me so much; it was *a very favourable one*, because there was but little, if any, disgrace attached to the offence; but whipping, for the preservation of discipline and good order, was nearly certain: now what shall I do, thought I, as the rod and the preparations for a flogging exhibition presented themselves to my imagination, which, as in many other exhibitions, is the worst part of the suffering; now what shall I do? The ghost of the old man flitted before me, and became, as it were, stationary, with an aspect sterner and more stern at my hesitation, at length frowned awfully, as the "coward" was bursting from his lips, in dread that all his noble precepts and foundations of honourable principles had passed for naught; but the rod, and a pale object called Fear, flitted before my eyes at the same time; however, I had the resolution to go forward and own the truth, and the old man's spirit bounded away, with his well-recollected smile of delight (!) The usher of the house, whose memory I shall ever respect, was a gentleman of too good sense to discourage a principle like this, and I had a slight imposition for the fault; of course I was lectured to make a better resistance against Cupid's darts, being admonished of the folly of my passion; but I was richly paid for this lecture by a *compliment to my honour*, for my coming forward and telling the truth, and I was ever after mentioned by him as one whose word and honour might be depended upon."

What is there to boast of here? A compliment to his honour for speaking the truth! Not without considerable hesitation however, which, had it delayed the confession a few minutes later, should have sent the young hero to a hundred "Coventries!"

In the middle of the volume we have an account of his life about town, and the companions with whom he associated. One of these, Mr. Arnold, is intended for "a character,"—a *chef-d'œuvre* of duplicity, moralizing, and black-leg-ism. If in the coarser materials the style of the Fieldings, Richardsons, and Smolletts, of the olden time be aimed at, this Arnold, with his prosing suavity, is doubtless a sorry perversion of the Tremaine and Pelham school. We have not room for any of his long speeches, and can only mention that he is a swindler, with the assumed air of morality. It seems that our hero gains intelligence from a female, (he calls her "a lady of some celebrity,") that Arnold, with all his pretended friendship, has a concealed design against him, and an appointment is made at the opera (!) where the particulars are promised to be given:—

"It may well be supposed I kept my appointment at the opera punctually, nor was it long before the lady made her appearance. *What a rush of the blood; I almost trembled.* 'Now,' said I, 'for the tremendous secret.' My spirits were all wound up. I was nigh bursting with impatience. 'And now, my dear, good girl,' said I, as soon as she was seated, 'now tell me—pray keep me not in suspense—now——"

"'Softly, sir, you must permit me to tell my own story in my own way, which is of the methodical and slow; but, for mercy's sake, put off *that wild and anxious style of countenance;* why, it cannot be my good tempered Frederick. Heavens, how one may be deceived, you really frighten me. I assure you, you may compose yourself, for I have nothing very dreadful to relate to you. That is better, but that has too much of the violent in it. But to begin:—now you must not interrupt me, for you know I dislike interruption at all times; you must be a hearer, and of a very patient kind."

With this very clever preparative for a long unbroken tale, we have a narrative of seduction and dissipation, which might well put to the proof a hearer of the very most patient description. One passage will show the general unfeeling tenor of the style:—"I will accuse him of no unfair, unmanly, or villainous arts, nor need I; for when I acknowledge to you that I loved him, *you can easily conceive that little persuasion was necessary to induce me to leave a home where I had been happy*, and to elope with him. We were to have been immediately married, but the ceremony was not performed, and I imprudently relied on his honour. It was then too late to repent, and to my shame I confess it, I had then but little inclination to sorrow for my ruin, for I was *sincerely attached to him.*" Mr. Wilding does not know what "*sincere* attachment" is, which can only truly exist in company with *respect*. Let him look to the German Prince's nice distinction between "the passion of love" and sincere attachment, which we have already noticed in another column.

BURMESE WAR.

Memoir of the Early Operations of the Burmese War. By H. L. Maw, Lieut. R. N. Smith, Elder and Co.

Rather out of date, perhaps, yet with much to recommend it to all who are at all interested in naval or military concerns. Lieutenant Maw, though properly belonging to the naval profession, was lent, on "special service," to the army during the early stages of the war; and the present plain and unpretending narrative of facts, is the result of his own personal experience by water and land, between the 11th of May, when the British expedition entered the river at Rangoon, and the 8th of August, when our author was disabled during an attack upon a stockade. Lieutenant Maw states, that he felt it "little less than a duty from the peculiar situation in which he was placed," to enter on the present details, in order to do justice to the assistance of the naval service during the Burmese war, which had been but imperfectly acknowledged, as well as to Colonel Snodgrass, whose work, as far as it relates to the military operations, he considers by far the best that has been published on the subject.

Mr. Maw divides his narrative into three parts, the "Circumstances which led to, and Preparations for War," the "Early Affairs," and thirdly "the Nature of the Country, and Character and Resources of the Burmans." The last portion is to us the most interesting, especially as Mr. Maw expresses an opinion that "the Burmese war was one of those cases which have so disastrously proved the want of common geographical and political information,—for there can be little doubt, that had the governor-general possessed a correct knowledge of the character and resources of the Burmans and their country, much of the expense and difficulty of the war might have been avoided." We therefore turn to this portion, and take a few passages relating to Burman warfare:—

"*The Burman mode of Warfare* appears to consist rather in starving their enemies, by surrounding them with circular lines of detached stockades, the area of which they gradually diminish, so as to cut them off, than in fighting battles in the field. They are extremely expert in building stockades, one capable of containing several thousand men being thrown up in a

few days, and smaller ones in less time.

"During the war, the muskets and matchlocks were given to deer-shooters, who took deadly aim with a rest, but were not so good when moving. The jingals were rusty iron tubes, that would carry from a pound to a pound and a half shot. A European would scarcely have ventured to fire one, lest it should burst; but the Burmans would plant them on the walls of stockades, or along roads, and fire them, loaded nearly to the muzzle, with all kinds of pieces of iron, &c. and many of our men were knocked down by them. Their artillery was, upon the whole, inferior, although they had several brass guns. They sometimes made very tolerable prac tice, and I have seen their shots reach where ours would not.

"*The Burmese War Boats* were described by Captain Cox as the most respectable part of the Burman emperor's force, and he informs us, that, at the time he visited Ava, the emperor could muster from two to three hundred of them. Their dimensions vary, but those most commonly used pulled about fifty oars; their breadth was about a tenth part of their length, and they draw only a few inches water. Their rate of pulling was very fast—faster than any European boat. Contrary to our custom, the post of honour, or part for accommodation, was the stem, which was solid for several feet in length, and as broad as any part of the boat. On this sat the chief, surrounded by his attendants; or here a gun was mounted for action. The sterns curved, and rose to a considerable height, terminated by small battens nailed across, so as, in some measure, to represent the wings of a bird. This elevated stern was probably intended not merely as an ornament, but to protect the crew when obliged to retreat. The bottoms of the war-boats were generally formed of the trunks of the largest teak trees, and the upper works made of stout planks, each of which was the length from where they joined the stem to the rising curvature of the stern; above the gunnel there was frequently a wash streak inclining outwards; and over this wash streak were the ends of tholes for the oars, each thole terminating in a ball or knob, and the oars put through beckets. Thwarts were fixed at proper distances, but the crew sat rather sideways on the gunnel, and pulled with a timed stroke. The oars were short, with a broad blade, somewhat like paddles.

"*The Burmese Stockades*, respecting which so much has been said, whilst so little appears generally to be known, varied from little more than breastworks to fortifications fifteen feet high, and which our shot frequently could not breach.

"When a bamboo stockade was to be erected, the space intended to be enclosed was marked out, and a small trench dug, in which bamboos, eight to ten inches in diameter, and nine or ten feet high, were placed vertically, and close together. The small trench was then filled up, and the bamboo work strengthened by lashing others that were split, and placed lengthways to those that were vertical. Outside of this row more bamboos, as stout as could be got, were placed upright in a similar manner, excepting that, instead of a continued close line, about three were placed together, a space, which would have admitted three more, left, and again three others placed, and so proceeding along, or round the works. The vacant spaces in the higher row, thus forming port holes above the lower row, through which the garrison could fire, standing under cover of the higher bamboos. On the top of the higher bamboos, some that were slightly split were placed lengthways over the vertical ends, and the whole additionally secured by lashings and inclined supports from the inside.

"When the bamboo work was finished, or rather, perhaps, whilst it was going on, for the Burmans were not people who lost time on such occasions, a broad deep trench was dug a few feet inside of the wall, and the earth thrown up, so as to form an embankment against the wall, generally in the shape of two high steps or small terraces; the upper part of this embankment was usually five or six feet high, and it formed not only effective shelter against artillery, but was the platform on which the jingals and great guns were mounted, and on which the musqueteers or matchlock-men stood, to fire as the British troops advanced. Barracks, built of the smaller parts of bamboos, and thatched with their leaves, were built round the stockade inside the trench, so that the men lived at their posts. A pagoda was frequently inclosed, and the Burman engineers generally took care to have a jungle in the rear of their positions, so as to cover a retreat, which was easily effected by means of the embankment on the inside, although it was not so easy for the British forces to get in from the outside. Heavy pieces of timber—trunks of trees—were frequently suspended from the top of the works, in order to be cut away upon assailants in attempts to storm:—rows of posts and rails, and abattis, were placed outside.

"*The most formidable fire-rafts* I saw, were those sent down on the cruizers and gun-brig when in advance. Pieces of timber and bamboos were placed across each other, much in the manner that planks are usually packed in timber-yards, forming squres of ten or twelve feet each. On these squares or platforms, piles of firewood were laid, and jars of petrolium, or naptha, fixed, with other combustibles. Several squares, perhaps twenty, were lashed loosely together, one before another, in a line; and the lashings being under water would not burn, whilst they acted as hinges for the whole to work upon. Large canoes, and on other occasions river vessels, filled with combustibles, being attached to the rafts, not only added to the probable effects by fire, but, from their weight and the power of the current acting upon them, there was a chance of the vessels they might have caught, drifting from their anchors, and thus tending to the destruction of others by becoming themselves fire-rafts."

Mr. Maw adds a few observations on the lately-threatened invasion of British India by Russia, which he considers rather an improbable speculation, concluding, that, "if the Russians think of going to Calcutta, we may think of visiting St. Petersburgh."

BOYISH VICISITUDES.

Probation, and other Tales; by the author of "Selwyn in Search of a Daughter," &c. Black, Edinburgh; Longman, London.

THIS is the story of a life fuller of variety, both of accident and colouring, than most men's lives, and with ample scope and verge enough for half a dozen ordinary mortals. Our hero is born in the East Indies, where poverty and unhappiness had driven his father to accept an appointment in the military service; but where the climate and the arduousness of his field duties so alarmingly impaired his health, that removal to a colder country became indispensible. What follows is novel and amusing:—

"It is astonishing how distinct a remembrance I retain of our arrival in America; but it is because the transition to it from the land of my birth and childhood was so complete and startling. In India, I had grown up beneath a burning sky, surrounded by tropical images and productions; tended by a strange-looking but familiar black nurse, and my childish wishes anticipated by a crowd of indolent but obsequious coolies and palanquin boys. Like them, I ran about almost unencumbered by clothing, and waited impatiently for the cool hours of evening, to play in the dark and shady verandah, ere I sank to sleep beneath hardly any other covering than the mosquito curtains of my little cot. My mother I only knew as dressed in delicate muslin wrappers, and my father I seldom saw but in the slight nankeen or cotton jacket, appropriated to home and comfort. I had never heard any sound ruder than the respectful *salam* from domestics, or the monotonous chant of the native bearers. I thought all in the world, except papa and mama and a few more, were black, and wore turbans, and that it was specially designed for my caprice and convenience.

"The first revolution in my ideas took place in the ship, where I saw that every

body was white except one old negro cook, and evidently perceived, with childish mortification, that my accommodation formed a very small part of their business. There was no diminution of tenderness, for my mother was now my nurse, but I missed the long stories of the old Ayah, and my mother looked so grave and sorrowful when I was naughty, that one of the favourite pastimes of Indian children was wofully abridged. Then the noise and swearing of the sailors, and the groans and creakings of the vessel, and the rattling of the pump chains, and the dash of the waves against my little crib, all were so different from the quiet lonely bungalow, with its chirping grashoppers, and the light murmur of its overhanging palms. The only thing I could claim kindred with on board, was a goat; and I tried to fancy it the same which had been reared from a kid, and fed tame in my father's compound. But our goat was white, and sleek and silky, and the marine variety was dingy and coarse, and matted with tar; our's was gentle and sportive—this the sailors had taught to be mischievous and troublesome.

"By degrees the weather grew colder; and one morning when my careful mother had covered me during my sleep with a blanket, I awoke fancying I had the goat for a bedfellow. My father began to pace the deck in a long warm great-coat, and my mother to replace her delicate India shawl with a furred pelisse; but in spite of the efforts of both to prepare me for cold and winter, I shall never forget the surprise I felt, when on landing at New York, I saw leafless trees, and hills all covered with snow.

"The dingy brick houses, and crowded streets seemed to me inexpressibly ugly; and when we got to the hotel or tavern where we were to take up our abode, I thought the people so rude, because they never made the 'salam' to us, and put us into a dark nasty little room, that looked out upon nothing but dead walls. When we went to dinner, I was frightened at the number of strangers, who all stared, and some of them laughed at me, and there was no curry and rice at table, and I saw mama could not eat much, any more than myself. We got a house of our own in a day or two; but it was smaller, and far worse than the hotel, and the old woman who came to cook for us, and be our only servant, was very cross to me, and rude to my mother, and I remember once told her, when mildly reproved for it, 'not to suppose she was talking to a beggarly nigger.' Oh how often I wished the old Ayah, and the maty-boys, and the masolgies, and the palanquin bearers, back again."

On their passage to England the vessel is wrecked, and all on board are supposed to be lost with the exception of little Edmund and honest Jack, who saved his life. Jack takes the infant to his wife's cottage:—

"'God bless you for a kind-hearted fellow as you are!' exclaimed Kate, wiping away with her apron a big drop from her own eye that mingled on my cheek, with mine—'and you too, my little man! you're welcome to a bite and sup with the children till we find out your friends, and in the mean time I'm sure you want sadly to be put to bed!' 'I want my mother,' sobbed I,' shrinking from hands so different from the delicate ones by which I had so long been tended—'Your mother is in heaven, my pretty child,' said Kate, soothingly, 'and if you're a good boy and go to sleep, you will see her by and by.' 'It is my Father who is in heaven,' answered I, reminded by the expression of my infant prayer. 'Lord love ye, little innocent!' exclaimed Jack, 'I doubt what you say is even but too true, let alone the Father of us all, that you speak of. There was a thin tall gentleman on board, who was often playing with this child, and he's gone too, sure enough! Do you know your papa's name, little boy?' 'I am called Edmund, after papa,' answered I,—'Edmund Meredith, and I'm going to see grandpapa in London.' I could say no more, even had my infant knowledge not been exhausted; for, worn out with grief and fatigue, I soon cried myself to sleep.

At length, however, "Kate, alarmed at the increase of appetite occasioned by the keen air of England in the little gentleman," packs off her Jack with our hero in search of Mr. Meredith, of Fenchurch Street, London.

"It were hard to say which was least qualified, he or I, to find our way in London. We were both often near lost; I by being rode over, while Jack stared in at shop windows; and he by strolling into every public-house where he spied a blue jacket, to tell the wonderful story of himself and little master. We reached Fenchurch Street at last, and knocked at the door of a large dingy-looking house, rendered doubly dismal by nearly all its windows being shut up. After many vain attempts to get in, our impatient efforts at length brought down a deaf old woman, who, (cautiously keeping the chained door no farther open than sufficed to protrude her thin sharp visage,) bawled out that Mr. Meredith was dead and buried, and shut it in our faces. What was to be done now? At a neighbouring shop, Jack learned that the widow was gone to the sea-side somewhere for the summer; and as it was getting dark, and we had both had enough of London, there was nothing for it but to hail the first Kentish stage, and get on the top of it to go home again.

"'The child must go to the parish!' was Kate's first exclamation on seeing me again. But somehow, she could never find in her heart to send me there; and Jack got his wages from his owners, and a subscription was made in the village to clothe me—and as for the 'bite and sup,' as she called it, 'I was welcome to that.'

"But what would my poor mother have said to see the darling of her heart growing up a wild neglected blackguard in the outskirts of a sea-port town! The oaths of the sailors, which had appeared to me so dreadful when I first went to sea, I could now hear unmoved, even from the lips of childhood, (though something within forbade me ever to echo them;) and the hymns, which it was her pride to teach me to repeat, were exchanged for snatches of idle ballads which I learned at the ale-house windows!

"These, I soon found, might be turned to account; as well as a flexibility of spine and limbs peculiar, I believe, to Indian children. There was, about a mile from my present abode, on the direct road to a celebrated bathing place, a very steep hill; the passage of quality over which seldom failed to be annoyed by groups of youngsters like myself, throwing nosegays, singing, or tumbling, (as their bent might chance to be,) to extort an ill-bestowed halfpenny. In all branches of this idle vocation, I soon became an adept; and I fear the hatfuls of halfpence thus earned, tended more to reconcile Kate to my protracted stay, than the humanity, in which she was not deficient.

"My tumbling was really so wonderful, that travellers, even while they disapproved, often stopped to admire it; and I redoubled my efforts to excite fresh applause. I was one day stimulated by the sight of a carriage and four, containing only ladies, (as from gentlemen I seldom got any thing but reproofs,) to attempt some unusual feats. I threw myself before the horses with reckless daring, (always trusting to my own agility to outstrip them,) and regardless of cries to desist, from the alarmed ladies, who had, by indiscreet previous liberality, spurred on my present rashness, I made a somerset, intended to carry me clear across the road, but fell short, under the very feet of the leaders, whom the postboy, an urchin little bigger than myself, was unable to pull up.

"Providence, which had once miraculously preserved, still watched over me. Stunned, but not materially injured, I was drawn from my perilous situation, and placed, nearly insensible, in the carriage beside the two ladies; whose deep mourning dresses were soon stained with the blood that trickled profusely from a wound inflicted, not by a horse's hoof, for that would probably have been mortal,) but a sharp stone on which I had lighted just above the eye.

"The smelling-bottles with which the carriage was well stored, soon brought me to myself, and I quite well remember a

childish feeling of delight in once more finding myself seated on the knee of a person, who in dress and figure at least resembled my mother. 'Thank God, he revives, Eleanor!' exclaimed the other and elder lady, whose close black bonnet almost hid her face. 'What a beautiful creature it is! and so near lost in every sense of the word! God forgive me for the hand I narrowly missed having in his death,—I must try and make it up to him!'

"'Where do you live, little man?' asked the younger lady. 'At the white house down yonder, at Jack Norton's.' 'Is your father at sea, that he lets his boy run into danger and mischief so?' 'My father's dead and my mother, and grandpapa too—I'm nobody's boy.' 'An orphan too! poor thing!' exclaimed the old lady, 'what a lucky accident! but we must hear more at Jack Norton's.'

"The astonishment of Kate when a fine carriage stopped at her door, containing two ladies, and her bloody foster-child, may be easily imagined. To their mild hints that even an orphan might have been better trained and cared for, she indignantly replied—'More shame to them that should ask after him, and don't! The boy's well born, and come of rich people; and though they say old Meredith is gone to his master Old Nick, he could not take his money, that ought to be this poor child's, with him?'

"'Meredith!' exclaimed both ladies in a breath.—I spare the reader the *éclaircissement* which followed. The widow of my grandfather, a well-meaning and warm-hearted, though cold-mannered woman, shed tears of unwonted feeling over his orphan heir; and rejoiced that she had at length found one, on whom the burdensome accumulations of two penurious lives might legitimately centre.

"It was not till I crossed the threshold of the white house, that I felt how unconsciously I loved Kate and the children. I turned back even from the fine carriage and impatient nags, to give another kiss to Mammy Norton; and transfer to my favourite playfellow, Bill, the silver sixpence which had nearly cost me my life. More substantial testimonials of gratitude were not forgotten by my new protectress, including schooling for all the sturdy vagabonds—and I was once more lifted into the carriage."

It will be seen that this narrative is written in a plain and agreeable strain; sometimes it is rather tedious and long-winded, but that is not often the case. On the whole this work is one of great merit, and will be read with pleasure and entertainment.

LANDERS' TRAVELS.

Family Library. 3 vols. Murray.

The public will be obliged to Mr. Murray printing these narratives, so interesting to all patriotic and intelligent men, in the cheap edition of his *Family Library*. We are unable this week to enter into any lengthened detail of the matters comprised in the present volumes, and we shall, therefore, prefer deferring our remarks till after further perusal. In a former number, it will be recollected, we presented our readers with a graphic sketch of the travellers' nocturnal descent of the river Niger, and we must this week find room for another isolated passage, relating to our authors' interview with the sable monarch of the Dark Water, one of the many royal presentations they had to undergo:—

"So early as five o'clock in the morning our canoes were loaded, and having breakfasted on a slice of yam, we were fully prepared to quit the island. But as it was not deemed either politic or proper to go away till the arrival of the great King of the Dark Water, who was hourly expected, and who might be inclined to construe our departure into contempt, we consented to await his coming, Though we have been exposed to a thousand nuisances, and all manner of inconveniences, and are pretty well reconciled to them all, yet rather than remain in a close black hut full of men, whose garments are generally covered with vermin, and rarely, if ever, cleaned, and who make it a common practice to sit on the mat whereon we sleep; rather than do this, we stepped into our canoes, and having pushed off from the land, we waited the islander's arrival under the branches of a large tree, at a little distance from the town.

"Between nine and ten, A.M., we heard a number of men singing, and keeping time to the motion of many paddles, but we could see no one. However, in a very few minutes, a canoe, which was paddled by a few men only, came in sight, and we knew by this that the Water King was approaching. It was instantly followed by another, and much larger one, propelled by above twenty very fine young men. whose voiees we had been listening to just before, and who were still continuing their song. Their music was slower, but very similar to that which may be heard on many parts of the western coast. The King of the Dark Water was with them. As the canoe drew nearer, we were not only surprised at its extraordinary length and uncommon neatness, but likewise at the unusual display of pomp and show which we observed in her. In the centre a mat awning was erected, which was variously decorated, and on the front of it hung a large piece of scarlet cloth, ornamented with bits of gold lace stitched on different parts of it. In the bow of the canoe were three or four little boys, of equal size, who were clad with neatness and propriety; and in the stern sat a number of comely-looking musicians, consisting of several drummers and a trumpeter, whilst the young men who had the management of the boat were not inferior to their companions either in decency of apparel or respectability of appearance. They all looked in fact extremely well.

"As soon as this canoe arrived at the landing-place, the Water King came out from beneath the awning, and, followed by the musicians and a suite of attendants, walked to the hut wherein all public matters are transacted, and whither, in a few minutes, we ourselves were desired to repair. The chief of the island, with his elders and the more respectable of the people, were seated, on our entrance, on each side of their important visitor; and my brother and I, as a mark of distinction, were invited to place ourselves in front of him. When the usual compliments had passed on both sides, he informed us, with much solemnity, of his rank and title; he then alluded to the cause of his coming, which he said was to do us honour, and repeated what had previously been told us by the king's son. This being done, he presented us with a pot of excellent honey, and two thousand cowries in money, besides a large quantity of goora nuts, which are cultivated in the country, and which are held in so great esteem that the opulent and powerful alone have the means of procuring them. Having nothing further to say or do, we shook hands with his sable majesty, whose name is Suliken Rouah, expressed our acknowledgements for his handsome present, and returned to our boats.

"The King of the Dark Water is a fine-looking man, well stricken in years; his skin as black as a coal; his features are coarse but benevolent, and his stature advantageous and commanding. He was dressed in a full bornouse, or Arab cloak, of inferior blue cloth, underneath which was a variegated tobe, made of figured satin, country cloth, and crimson silk damask, all patched together; he likewise wore a cap of red cloth, Hàussa trousers, and sandals of coloured leather. Two pretty little boys, about ten years of age, and of equal size, and who acted in capacity of pages, followed him into the hut. Their clothing was neat and becoming, and their persons nicely clean; each of them was furnished with an ornamented cow's tail, and they stood one on his right hand and the other on his left, to brush away flies and other insects from his person, and supply him with goora-nuts and tobacco. The king was also accompanied by six of his wives, fine handsome jet-black girls, dressed in neat country caps, edged with red silk. Native clothes, made of cotton and silk, were fastened round their waists, beneath which they wore a sort of short frock. The usual custom of staining their fingers and toe-nails with henna appears to be general among them; their wrists were ornamented with neat

silver bracelets, and their necks with coral necklaces. To such a man as the 'Water King,' with such a suite and such a title, the greatest honour is expected to be paid, and we, therefore, showed our respect by saluting him with a discharge from two or three muskets."

Messrs. Lander had the honour of an interview with his majesty the other day, when they presented a copy of their printed tour. Mr. Richard Lander, as our readers have doubtless heard, is preparing for another expedition over the same ground, to set out, we believe, in May, in a steam vessel from Liverpool, by which conveyance also he is expected to return to England in the autumn. We sincerely wish him that good success and happy issue, his intelligence, integrity, and intrepidity so richly deserve. Notwithstanding Mr. Gleig's exultation at the untimely death of Wolfe "on the plain of glory," and the arguments he uses to prove the miserable state of that hero whom fate allows to survive his triumph, and carry his honour from the field upon his living brow; notwithstanding *Falstaff's* declaration that honour cannot live with the living, we trust that with Mr. Lander the case may be different, and that he may be one day permitted to enjoy at home the laurels and the experience he has acquired by dint of labour and perseverance abroad.

MISS KEMBLE'S TRAGEDY.

Francis the First: an Historical Drama. By Frances Ann Kemble. Murray.

MISS KEMBLE is a young lady of quickness and parts;—as an actress, she is of the true "Kemble school," displaying considerable talent and more study, with very little creative and unacquired genius. As an authoress, to judge from the performance before us, we must consider her in the same light of merit. Miss Kemble has evidently read long, industriously, and variously, among the ancient storehouses of dramatic writing, imbibing, with a remarkably happy address, the stage trickery and the quaintness of verse which are their outward characteristics. She has also retained a confused medley of "ideas" from the same fruitful sources, which are here in slight masquerade huddled together. We do not speak disrespectfully of our fair authoress nor her work, when we thus plainly and bluntly state our opinion, that "Francis the First" is not an original production. To particularize individual instances as illustrative of this remark, where almost every speech might have an equal claim with the rest, would be a task both invidiuous and troublesome, we shall, therefore, pass on to other considerations.

The great fault in this tragedy, both as a reading and an acting piece, is a fatal one, want of interest. To look at it carelessly, one should think there were plots enough, characters enough, and accidents in plenty to ensure a very stirring performance; but, alas! the plots are too numerous by half, and want weight, consistency, and continuity; the characters are as plentiful as the plots, but sadly deficient in all that should individualize them, and give us a personal interest in their several concerns. Most of them have no characteristic distinction whatever, and walk about with long and laborious speeches in their mouths, full of "wise saws and modern instances," without any appearance of *gusto* in what they are doomed to discourse of. This is too often the case with young authors, who think it always necessary to scrape together as many "ideas" as possible, and then to hammer them out as widely as their ingenuity will enable them. Take, for instance, the morning salutation of Laval to Françoise, who unexpectedly enters:—

"Lady, you're welcome as the joyous sun,
And gentle summer airs, that after storms,
Come wafting all the sweets of fallen blossoms
Through the thick foliage; whose green arms shake off,
In gratitude, their showers of diamond drops,
And bow to the reviving freshness."

Now, what lover being at all within reach of his senses, would stop to trouble his mistress with this long botanical and aerological detail? Shakspeare, and all the best of our dramatic poets, will now and then put a pretty speech about rising suns and blowing roses, into a lover's mouth, but it will be, or seem to be, the spontaneous effusion of a heart overflowing with delight and admiration;—it will gush forth in one smooth, unhalting current to the end, and not load itself with parenthesis and explanation. We content ourselves with this one instance, though there are plenty more where long and difficult speeches result from the want of ability to be shorter and more simple. It will be readily supposed, therefore, that the dialogues are none of the most enlivening,—long, *prosy*, and devoid of point, and often, as in the case of the second characters, almost puerile in their insipidity. Take, in proof of this, all the love speeches, the greater part of the sentimental and moral discourses, and every foolish word uttered by the court-fool, Triboulet, whose dying speech (which is cut out, by the bye,) is the best thing put into, or out of, his mouth.

As to the general character of the present tragedy, we should say that Miss Kemble had been decidedly unfortunate in her selection. She has chosen the unamiable materials of mortal frailty for the impulse of her action, and we do not pay her, we should hope, an unwelcome compliment when we assert, that neither the delicate nature of her sex, nor the experience she can have had in the world, have at all fitted her for the complete execution of her unwelcome task. Her characters are wicked and foolish enough, but want that greatness crime and folly, which none but a great mind and an experienced hand can grapple with. In this again we have another proof of Miss Kemble's imitative and second-hand style. Her chief points may all be traced to their several origins, without much trouble, by one at all versed in dramatic literature.

One of the most effective and ably-wrought scenes is that in the first act, where the Queen Mother declares her love to Bourbon and is refused. We shall quote the principal passage;—Bourbon is showing some displeasure at having been so suddenly and unaccountably recalled from his command in Italy, when the dialogue proceeds as under:—

QUEEN.

Oh, sir, the King's advisers—

BOURBON.

The king should hearken less to false advice,
And more to honest service, madam.

QUEEN.

(Aside)—Ha!
Now is the bridle thrown upon the steed;
That word, that one unguarded word, shall make
My victory, or thy perdition sure!
(Aloud)—I pass you that, my lord, you are too hot—
And now that I have curb'd all proud respects
In kind indulgence of your hasty spleen,
Hear me: what if (I will repeat the question)
'Stead of ingratitude or envy, motives
With which you seem full well contented,
Being the spring of this your swift return,
Your quick preferment, and increase of glory
Had been alone consulted?

BOURBON.

How so, madam?

QUEEN.

Ever too rash in your belief, my lord,
You run before the truth—you've followers,
Eager and zealous partisans you have;
Think you it is impossible some friend
May haply have contriv'd this prompt recall,
To bring you nearer to a court, where you
May find paths unexplor'd as yet, in which
Ambition might discover such a prize,
As were worth winning?

BOURBON.

I would have you know
De Bourbon storms, and does not steal his honours;
And though your highness thinks I am ambitious,
(And rightly thinks) I am not *so* ambitious
Ever to beg rewards that I can win,—
No man shall call me debtor to his tongue.

QUEEN *(rising.)*

'Tis proudly spoken; nobly too—but what,
What if a woman's hand were to bestow
Upon the Duke de Bourbon such high honours,
To raise him to such state, that grasping man,
E'en in his wildest thoughts of mad ambition,
Ne'er dreamt of a more glorious pinnacle?

BOURBON.

I'd kiss the lady's hand, an she were fair.
But if this world fill'd up the universe,—
If it could gather all the light that lives
In every other star or sun, or world;
If kings could be my subjects, and that I
Could call such pow'r and such a world my own,
I would not take it from a woman's hand.
Fame is my mistress, madam, and my sword
The only friend I ever wooed her with.
I hate all honours smelling of the distaff,
And, by this light, would as lief wear a spindle
Hung round my neck, as thank a lady's hand
For any favour greater than a kiss.—

QUEEN.

And how, if such a woman loved you,—how
If, while she crown'd your proud ambition, she
Could crown her own ungovernable passion,
And felt that all this earth possess'd, and she
Could give, were all too little for your love?
Oh, good my lord! there may be such a woman.

BOURBON (*aside.*)

Amazement! can it be, sweet Margaret—
That she has read our love?—impossible!—and yet—
That lip ne'er wore so sweet a smile!—it is,
That look *is* pardon and acceptance! (*aloud*)—speak. (*He falls at the* QUEEN'S *feet.*
Madam, in pity speak but one word more,—
Who is that woman?

QUEEN (*throwing off her veil.*)

I am that woman!

BOURBON (*starting up.*)

You, by the holy mass! I scorn your proffers;—
Is there no crimson blush to tell of fame
And shrinking womanhood! Oh shame! shame! shame!

(*The* QUEEN *remains clasping her hands to her temples, while* DE BOURBON *walks hastily up and down; after a long pause the* QUEEN *speaks.*)

QUEEN.

What ho! Marlon! St. Evreux!

Enter two Gentlemen.

Summon my confessor! (*Exeunt.*)—And now, my lord,
I know not how your memory serves you;
Mine fails not *me*—If I remember well,
You made some mention of the King but now—
No matter—we will speak of that anon.—

Enter GONZALES.

Sir, we have business with this holy father;
You may retire.

BOURBON.

Confusion!

QUEEN.

Are we obeyed?

BOURBON (*aside.*)

Oh Margaret!—for thee! for thy dear sake!

[*Rushes out. The* QUEEN *sinks into a chair.*

QUEEN.

Refus'd and scorn'd! Infamy!—the word chokes me!—
How now! why stand'st thou gazing at me thus?—

GONZALES.

I wait your highness' pleasure."

Miss Kemble's tragedy is certainly possessed of very considerable merit, and deserved to be accepted and produced, with the success that has attended it, at Covent Garden Theatre. Many tragedies equally good, and not a few immeasurably better, both in conception and execution, have been, season after season, returned to their anonymous authors by the very management which has selected her's for performance, and we doubt not but *Francis the First* would have shared the similar fate of rejection, had it been sent in a modest blank cover to the theatre. Why, then, is this partiality, this invidious selection, this borough-mongering in literature permitted, and how long shall a patent be vested in unfair or otherwise incompetent hands for the *ad. lib.* exclusion of genius from the stage,—one of its most legitimate fields of action? All we can say is, that if after the success that has attended "Miss Fanny Kemble's tragedy," a dozen better are not forthwith accepted, and successively produced,—the actors, or the public their masters, will be much to blame.

TUDAS MARRIAGES.

Captain Harkness's Neilgherry Hills. Smith, Elder and Co.

We have already hinted at the peculiar marriage laws of the aboriginal tribes of the Neilgherry Hills or Blue Mountains;—the following singular narrative is the circumstantial history of Pinpurz Kutan, as relates to his matrimonial transactions:—

"I was not seven years old, when my father, taking a child's garment, in value about a quarter of a rupee, and selecting one of the best of our herd, desired me to accompany him to the morrt of Kinōri. This Kinōri had, a month or two before, a daughter born to him. Soon after we had arrived at the morrt, it being understood that Kinōri gladly consented to the propositions which had been made by my father, I was directed to bow myself down, and in the presence of the whole family to ask his foot. This I did, and touching it with my forehead, the buffaloe and the garment were presented him, and I was considered to be affianced to his daughter. We remained there for some days, during which period it was agreed upon, what number of kine I was to receive in dower, on my intended spouse coming of age, and we again set out to return to our own morrt. I had no brothers, or they also would have been affianced to my intended, as this was part of the agreement, in case of my father having any more sons born to him. In this case Kinōri's daughter would have been wife to us in succession as we arrived at manhood, and we should have formed one united family,—the supreme authority, however, still resting with me. The next year, my father presented to my intended bride, a garment, double in value to the first which he had presented, and in each succeeding year, one proportionately increasing in value. We also sacrificed a buffaloe, and presented a kutch* on every occasion of a death among any of the relations of my intended's family, and one also at their obsequies. In case of any accident of the kind in our family, we expected the same to be observed towards us, except the presenting of the kutch, from which my bride's father was exempted on account of the dower he had to give with her, which would greatly exceed in amount any expense which I could be to my father. My father died, and when I had attained man's estate, I was not pleased with my betrothed; and presenting her father with three kine, the contract was by mutual consent dissolved. Had the reverse been the case, and the bride or her father had declined to allow of consummation, I could have claimed of the latter a fine equal to fifty kine; and till this fine was paid, the former could not marry any other. Freed from my contract with my first bride, I sought to affiance myself in a manner more to my own inclinations, and wishing to be connected with the family of my present wife, Pilluvāni, who was then only six years of age, I spoke to her father, and obtaining his consent, presented her a garment in value, according to her age, of about a rupee and a half,† and a milch buffaloe. I continued to present her with a garment every succeeding year; and on the occurrence of a death among any of the relations of her family, and at the obsequies, I always sacrificed a buffaloe, and presented the kutch. Pilluvāni was afterwards betrothed to two others, Khakhood, and Tumbut. When she had arrived at a certain age, and had for eight days been living with one of her female friends in a dwelling separate from those of the family, intimation was sent to me, and I went to her father's morrt, that is, Kerjwan's, her second father, the first one being dead. I was feasted and bedded; and after a few days, Kerjwan, laying on his hands, gave us his blessing, and I returned with my wife to my own morrt, receiving with her in dower, four buffaloe kine: her father also presented to her, on this occasion, a pair of ear-rings, a pair of armlets, a necklace, a brazen salver, and five rupees.

"Now, according to our customs, Pilluvāni was to pass the first month with me, the second with Khakhood, and the third with Tumbut; and the two latter, waiting in succession on the father-in-law, were to ask his blessing, and claim their privi-

* A part of their raiment, generally; at present, a piece of dyed or printed cotton.

† The value of these federal presents, vary according to the circumstances of the parties.

lege in right. I was to give her raiment the first year, Khakhood the second, and Tumbut the third. I had the option of claiming the three first children, Khakhood the second three, and Tumbut the third three; when the option again revolved to me. It was my place to go to her father two or three months prior to the birth of a child, and delivering to him a small piece of wood, which we call a billu, to claim the forthcoming infant, whether male or female, and acknowledge before him and his relations that I would protect and nourish it; and that, whatever might happen, I allowed this to be in satisfaction of one of my claims. On this occasion also, I was to present him either five or ten rupees, and in return he was to allow me to select, if I presented him five rupees, three; if ten rupees, six, of the best kine of his herd. If the child proved a boy, he would have to present me with a heifer, and another one also on the birth of each son, but not on the birth of a daughter, as it is supposed she will soon be betrothed, and that a fortune will accrue to her in that way.

"After the third birth, the same observance and privilege would have fallen to Khakhood and Tumbut successively, or if I chose to give up any of my rights, the two latter would successively have had choice of adoption, &c. &c. We all three should have been equally bound to protect the whole of the children, to marry, and to give them in marriage; but the superior authority would always have rested with me.

"The case of Pilluvāni and myself, however, was at variance with this custom. We were very fond of one another, and determined not to separate. I offered to pay the usual fines, but the other party would not accept of them. I had been unfortunate. A murrain had attacked my herd; the greater part of Korrorr, and which belonged to my fathers, had been forsaken by the Marvs and Cuvs, from the oppression of some of their rulers, and from being a leading man among my own people, I was now reduced, but principally by the oppression of my wife's relations, to comparative poverty."

MONSTERS

NOT MENTIONED BY LINNÆUS.

(*From Mr. Bell's "Old Portfolio."*)

"*The Fashionable-Matron-Monster*— is a very formidable and imposing animal. Her drawing-room is the most splendid that was ever protected from the vulgar glare of day by glowingly-painted window-blinds. The foot sinks into the softness of her rich and velvety carpet as into a bed of moss. Her tables, of dark mahogany, or burnished rose or elmwood, reflect the carved ceiling in their massy mirrors. She sits upon the splendour of her crimson ottoman, and bestows the indubitableness of her opinions upon those who venture within fifteen yards of her magnificence. Her carriage has the deepest colouring, the largest armorial bearings, and the costliest mountings. Her horses are of unequalled size and sleekness; and her lacqueys move their empurpled limbs under a canopy of powdered and pomatumed hair. When she rides, she sees that there is a pedestrian world, but looks out upon it only with a calm sense of incalculable superiority, apparent upon the majestic ugliness of her countenance. Her obeisance is imperial,—colder and statelier than the obnutation of an iceberg. Her routs are splendid and exclusive. 'Family dinners,' compromising and economical 'hops,' she probably never heard of; and if she did, it was with the contempt they deserved, as tending to lower the grand scale of her social operations. The date and style of her cards of invitation settle the fashion for the winter. The male creatures, who receive the honour of invitations, are those only who are known to attire themselves with the most aristocratical precision, and conscious air of superiority. An erroneous knot upon a neckcloth; a waistcoat buttoned one button too high, or one button too low; a vulgar arrangement of hair,—not to talk of the horrible profanity of a coat cut two months out of date, or silk stockings of a pattern whose reign had ceased a whole fortnight before,—inevitably strike the bearer off the privileged list. Her name is found high among the lady patronesses and lady directresses; and when she goes to a public place, she is followed by a select suite of young ladies, sent by their happy mamas to luxuriate in the exclusiveness of her presence. Her door is unprofaned by aught so vulgar as a number or a name; but you may know it by the lazy footmen, and overgrown poodles, who commonly congregate in its vicinity. Every sentiment is up in arms against this proud, unfeeling automaton; it is some comfort, therefore to know that every body hates her, and that she is not happy."

"*The Consequential-Wise-Man-Monster.*—Self-conceit, pomposity, and the profound admiration of old women, have been an overmatch for the originally weak intellect of Doctor Owlstare. He imagines himself a walking encyclopædia, and the final court of appeal in all cases where a literary, political, moral, or religious dispute arises. Ask him to meet with the most eminent men of the day, and he never for a moment supposes that the compliment is paid to him, but to them. Tell him one of your best stories, and it will fail to produce any visible effect upon him, unless, indeed, he should condescend to hint that he has heard it better told before. Make one of your profoundest observations in philosophy or political economy, and he will only hem, and look half sage, half contemptuous. Try him upon the fine arts, and he gives you to understand that unless you have been to the Vatican, you have no right to open your lips before him, and that if you *have* been there, you were incapable of turning your opportunities to any good account. Venture into the arcana of science, and you are silenced, by hearing him pronounce Sir Humphrey Davy a mere school-boy. In short, the only use he makes of such information as he possesses is to exalt himself; and when his ignorance by chance stares him in the face, he gets out of the dilemma by flinging it back on the first person he encounters. In general company this manner is successful. He is not much liked, but he is immensely respected. Hospitable country gentlemen, middle-rate lawyers, wealthy merchants, with all their wives and all their daughters, hardly know how to treat him with sufficient deference. Every body begs for the honour of drinking wine with Doctor Owlstare; every body is anxious to know what Doctor Owlstare thinks upon the subject; every body sends the nicest cut in the whole salmon, and the wing and breast of the chicken to Doctor Owlstare. He goes into the drawing-room, and the lady of the house carries him his coffee with her own hands, whilst her eldest girl "who was seventeen the fifth of September last," brings him the cake. He eats and drinks an unconscionable quantity, but every body is continually beseeching him to eat and drink more. He goes home about nine—a kind of disagreeable caricature of Samuel Johnson; and his absence occasions, unconsciously, so general a relief, that the young people, in the exuberance of their spirits, propose a quadrille, and the previous generation sit down to whist, enlivening the pauses of the game by the most animated encomiums on Doctor Owlstare."

"*The Clever-Young-Man-Monster.*—The growth of this species of monster has been so rapid, that it almost calls for the interference of the legislature. Like the rats of the old Egyptian city, they threaten to eat up every thing. One can hardly turn without meeting this monster. He is about four-and-twenty; has rather an expressive face, and an interminable volubility of tongue. He is not one of those who hides his light under a bushel. Upon all subjects, he is equally at home,—that is to say, equally superficial. On the corn laws, the drama, parliamentary reform, the opera, phrenology, West Indian slavery, the last new novel, and poetry of all sorts, he is ever ready to pour forth a torrent of information; or what he considers such. He writes and speaks on every subject that comes in his way. His father is proud of him; his mother doats on him; his sisters admire him; his cousins die for him. He publishes a thin quarto or royal octavo volume of very magnificently

printed verses, his own portrait facing the title-page, and showing to the public at large that he wears his neck bare, and his shirt-collar turned down *à la Byron*,—while his hair is combed back over his brow, and his eye is directed upwards, no doubt to see what is to be seen. Certain critics pronounce him a coxcomb, and his book a bore; but the 'sincere' and 'impartial' discover genius in every line, and milliners fall into a pining melancholy by the hundred. Then comes a shower of albums, and he writes sonnets in every one of them; affixing to each his own name at full length, as the most invaluable of autographs. All this, though it may make 'the unskilful laugh,' cannot but make 'the judicious grieve." The *clever-young-man-monster*, unless roused by ridicule into common sense, and a useful pursuit, sinks into premature oblivion, and lives to wonder at his own littleness."

"*The Insipid-Young-Lady-Monster.*—This is a harmless but very annoying monster. She is rather pretty, lisps slightly, and, as the Ettrick Shepherd says, has a quantity of 'waving curls aboon the bree.' She frequently sits beside you at a large and ceremonious dinner-party. You determine to be agreeable, and almost brilliant; but, to your infinite distress, you discover, before the soup is removed, that the fair automaton has, in her whole composition, only three quarters of an idea. She listens to you, but does not understand you; your most sparkling sayings she rewards with a look of gentle bewilderment,—half reproachful, and half deprecatory,—as if she fancied you were quizzing her. You at length labour to say things as full of inanity and silliness as possible, and to a certain extent she regains her composure, and thinks you have begun to talk rationally. Her mamma watches the progress of the conversation, and is quite delighted with the attention you are paying her daughter. When you return to the drawing-room, a seat is reserved for you, as an especial favour, beside the *Insipid-young-lady-monster*. Your concealed yawns almost kill you; but, to make up for your real listlessness, you affect the most animated pleasure, and next day, all your friends wish you joy, considering the marriage already fixed. The insipid young lady actually knits a purse for you, and sends it to you with a note, in which there are only three grammatical errors, and two words wrong spelt. For a month, the very sight of a petticoat gives you the vapours; and you never go to a ceremonious dinner-party without fear and trembling."

"*The Dyspeptic, or Stomach-Complaint-Monster.*—This monster is like a caterpillar in your soup, or a spider in your tea-cup. He is called Sir Pillbox Phialton, and he edifies you with details o the inefficaciousness of his digestive organs, till he almost makes you suppose you have yourself lost your appetite. There is not a medicine in the whole pharmacopeia that he has not taken by pounds or quarts, until the only nutriment which his inner man can enjoy is something or other concocted in an apothecary's shop. His face has a saffron, ex-sanguineous hue, and smiles are strangers to its cavernous recesses. He reminds one of a raw day in February, and his conversation is like the drizzling of sleet upon a cupola. All his reading is confined to medical and *non*-medical treatises on health and diet. The only work of a literary kind that he ever looks into, is the 'Diary of an Invalid." He wonders that the horrible excesses of general society, in the matter of eating and drinking, do not throw all mankind into fevers. His children, if he has any, are little, lean, half-starved things; and they look like small *memento mori*'s collected round a death's head. Truly a very hideous monster is Sir Pillbox Phialton."

"*The Strong-Man-Monster*—Mr. Sampson Hammerclub is six feet two in height, and proportionably broad. He is a member of all Highland and gymnastic clubs. Athletic exercises engross his whole time and thoughts. He is continually walking backwards, forwards, upon his hands and feet, upon his head;—running, leaping, rowing, riding, shooting, boxing, fencing, quoiting, putting, climbing up poles, raising weights, and fifty other similar operations. In whatever society he may be, he never sits on his seat half an hour at a time, without offering to exhibit his powers, by lifting a chair in his teeth, and flinging it over his head; or bending a poker across his arm; or jumping over the table without breaking the decanters; or, if Heaven hath made you of small dimensions, letting you stand upon one of his hands, and lifting you upon the sideboard. He has bushy, black whiskers, a strong voice, an immeasurable chest, and moves among delicate females like 'a bull in a china-shop.' He thinks himself the handsomest man in the country; and, by all persons of five feet six, is looked upon as the ugliest fellow in existence."

Poetry.

ON YOUTH.

Behold Youth's bright and sparkling eye!
Must it be dimmed by misery?
Look at her step of bounding gladness,—
Soon must it tread in measur'd sadness:
And that voice which in joy hath spoken,—
Soon shall its tones by grief be broken.

Youth falls not as the meteor's light,—
A flash of fire, and all is night.
But she fades. as sinks in autumn's hours,
Summer's bright days, and summer's flowers.
Man yet lives on, but his heart must be
Wither'd and broken, cold Sorrow, by thee!

H. D.

Music.

KING'S THEATRE.

We have nothing new to notice here. The *Vestale*, on which, with its two grand ballets, much expectation had been built, has been twice postponed on account of Madame Battista and Signor Winter's indisposition; the nights' performances being, the *Pietro* on Saturday, and the *Elisa e Claudio* on Tuesday; both to very good houses. De Meric is a charming singer, and one whose charms are appreciated alike by the nicest and the most untutored critics,—correct ear and clear intonation; while her acting is spirited and rather "taking." Lecompt is also gaining on the audience, and is nightly encored in her beautiful *Somnambule* pas-seul. The new arrivals begin to be daily expected, and we hear that Lablache will probably make his appearance early in April.

Drama.

DRURY LANE.

Friday.—The Messiah.
Saturday—The Dæmon; the Rent Day.
Monday.—The Dæmon; the Rent Day.
Tuesday.—Der Alchymist; the Jenkinses.
Wednesday.—No Performance.
Thursday.—The Rent Day; Charles XII.

COVENT GARDEN.

Friday.—No performance.
Saturday.—Francis the First; Born to Good Luck, or an Irishman's Fortune.
Monday.—Francis the First; Born to Good Luck.
Tuesday.—Francis the First; the Marriage of Figaro.
Wednesday.—No performance.
Thursday.—Francis the First; Born to Good Luck.

It makes us quite unhappy to be perpetually recording failures, yet if we were to disguise or soften down the unwelcome truth, what would it profit the defaulters, and how should we stand with respect to our readers? If gentlemen with no other pretention to theatrical dictatorship than that which money affords, and with no right to an *opinion*, even, but of a "golden" kind, will, nevertheless, assume theatrical management, they must expect to make up for all other deficiencies by that which their pecuniary abundance affords, and pay for their experience, whether it profit them or not. The performances at both the theatres up to the present period of their season, (but especially at Drury Lane,) have been many degrees lower than those of last year, and some previous seasons, and we see no prospect of improvement at hand. The managers are either too blind to see the state of the case, and to appreciate its cause, or else too lazy to adopt any of those measures of reform which have from time to time been pointed out to them. The productions at Drury Lane during the present season, with but one exception, (*The Rent Day*,) are such as would have been disgraceful, more or less,

to any metropolitan theatre, and equally discreditable to the manager who could put forth, and the audiences who could partially countenance them. Can we feign surprise or regret at the failure that has eventually attended them all? Certainly not, though we very devoutly wish the money had not been spent upon them that has been, but had lain in quiet repose, in the private treasury of a highly respectable gentleman, whose ambition had been satisfied with the dignity of *one* M. P.* attached to his name. It is surely time that a clever fellow with "*less* money than wit," or at any rate "more wit than money," should assume the directorship of a concern where taste, intelligence, and a sprinkling of wit should be the *primum mobile*.

But we are digressing, and must advert to the performances of the past week. On Tuesday, by way of encouraging "national" genius, their majesty's servants, at the "national" theatre, hight Drury Lane, produced a medley opera, entitled *The Alchymist*, concocted out of some half-dozen operas by Sphor, and exhibiting about the same heterogeneous variety of materials as may be supposed to have formed the contents of the crucible of the worthy alchymist who is the hero of our tale. This *pasticcio*, though tolerably served up, was not very well relished;—in the first place the music itself was not adapted to the English taste, (we maintain that we have a national taste,) and in the second place, there was too much of it for any but the most capacious gourmand to enjoy. The parts were assigned to Mr. and Mrs. Wood, Phillips, &c. with tolerably efficient assistants and chorus, but the story was of a most extravagant and unintelligible kind, and put the audience out of humour.

At Covent Garden we were introduced (on St. Patrick's day, by-the-bye,) to Mr. *Paudeen O'Rafferty*, who being "born to good luck," made a successful debut. This farce is an adaptation by Power, from, we believe, an obsolete play of Holman's, and the scene is laid at Naples, whither our hero, by some unaccountable stage-accident had been conveyed, instead of to Dublin. He is a gentleman endowed with the usual abundance of swagger and brogue, and astonishes the natives with such feats of gallantry and shillelah-ism, as our stage-paddies never fail to exhibit. Power acted with infinite humour, tinged with his usual vulgarity, and was encored in a jig, which he gave in truly fantastic style. Miss Kemble's *Francis the First*, somewhat curtailed, has been repeated to good houses, and promises to have a good run for it, yet.

* *Mem.* M. P. Member of Parliament, M. P. Manager of Playhouse. — *Printer's Devil.*

MINORS.

We are this week accidentally curtailed in our minor theatrical report. The novelties, however, have been few and not very important. At the Olympic Mr. Poole produced a new farce, entitled *The Young Hopefuls*, which has been consigned to hopeless oblivion; and the author declares that the incapacity (of what kind?) of Mr. Liston was the cause of its failure. If so,—"oh that a man ——&c!" At the Surrey we have had another Wilkie-an picture exhibition,—*Chelsea, or the Pensioner's Pride*; and at the Adelphi, Mr. Yates's monopolylogue exhibition continues to receive encouragement of a sterling kind.

Random Readings, &c.

The Parrot.—"A strong proof of intellect was given in the case of Colonel O'Kelly's parrot. When the colonel and his parrot were at Brighton, the bird was asked to sing; he answered, 'I can't. Another time he left off in the middle of a tune, and said, 'I have forgot.' Colonel O'Kelly continued the tune for a few notes; the parrot took it up where the colonel had left off. The parrot took up the bottom of a lady's petticoat, and said, 'What a pretty foot!' The parrot seeing the family at breakfast, said, 'Won't you give some breakfast to Poll?' The company teazed and mopped him a good deal; he said, 'I don't like it.'—(From a memorandum found amongst the late Earl of Guilford's papers.)" — *Jesse's Gleanings of Natural History.*

"*The Eel* is evidently a link between the fish and serpent, but, unlike the former, it can exist a long time out of water, which its nocturnal migrations prove, though probably a certain degree of moisture on the grass is necessary to enable it to do this. That they do wander from one place to another is evident. * * * I have been informed, upon the authority of a nobleman well known for his attachment to field-sports, that if an eel is found on land, its head is invariably turned towards the *sea*, for which it is always observed to make in the most direct line possible. If this information is correct, (and there seems to be no reason to doubt it,) it shows that the eel, like the swallow, is possessed of a strong migratory instinct. * * * An amazing number of eels are bred in the two large ponds in Richmond Park, which is sufficiently evident from the very great quantity of young ones which migrate from those ponds every year. The late respectable head-keeper of that park assured me, that, at nearly the same day in the month of May, vast numbers of young eels, about two inches in length, contrived to get through the pen-stock of the upper pond, and then through the channel which led into the lower pond, from whence they got through another pen-stock into a water-course which led them eventually into the river Thames. They migrated in one connected shoal, and in such prodigious numbers, that no guess could be given as to their probable amount, An annual migration of young eels also takes place in the river Thames in the month of May; and they have generally made their appearance at Kingston, in their way upwards, about the second week in that month; and accident has so determined it, that, for several years together, it was remarked that the 10th of May was the day of what the fishermen call eel-fair; but they have been more irregular in their proceedings since the interruption of the lock at Teddington. These young eels are about two inches in length, and they make their approach in one regular and undeviating column of about five inches in breadth, and as thick together as it is possible for them to be. As the procession generally lasts two or three days, and as they appear to move at the rate of nearly two miles and a half an hour, some idea may be formed of their enormous number. The line of march is almost universally confined to one bank of the river, and not on both sides at the same time; but, from some instinctive or capricious impulse, they will cross the river, and change the side without any apparent reason for doing so. When the column arrives at the entrance of a tributary stream which empties itself into the river, a certain portion of the column will continue to progress up the tributary stream, and the main phalanx either cross the river to the opposite bank, or will, after a stiff struggle to oppose the force of the tributary branch in its emptying process, cross the mouth of this estuary, and regain its original line of march on the same side of the river. In consequence of the young eels dispersing themselves from time to time, as occasion offers, in the manner above described, the shoal must imperceptibly lessen until the whole have disposed of themselves in different places. I have not yet been able to ascertain at what distance from Kingston the shoal has been seen. The locks at Hampton, Sunbury, &c. must, however, retard their progress upwards. These young eels are easily taken; and persons who want to stock their ponds with them have only to lower a bucket into the midst of the shoal, which many persons do who reside in the neighbourhood of the river, and a sufficient number is immediately taken to answer their purpose. There is no doubt but that many of these little animals perish during their progress; but the numbers which are annually taken in our rivers show that a sufficient quantity escape to stock them abundantly."—*Ditto.*

Gratitude in a Calf.—"A young lady brought up a calf whose mother had died

soon after it was born. She made a *pet* of it; but, when it became a heifer, for some reason it was parted with, and she lost sight of it for about two years. At the end of that time, as she was walking with a friend in a lane, she met some cows, when one of them left the herd and came up to her, showing evident symptoms of pleasure in seeing her. She immediately knew and patted her old acquaintance, who, after being satisfied by these marks of her favour that the recognition was mutual, quietly turned away and joined her companions."—*Ditto.*

The Emus.—"The only instance I have met with in which the hen bird has not the chief care in hatching and bringing up the young, is in the case of the emus at the farm belonging to the Zoological Society near Kingston. A pair of these birds have now five young ones; the female at different times dropped nine eggs in various places in the pen in which she was confined. These were collected in one place by the male, who rolled them gently and carefully along with his beak. He then sat upon them himself, and continued to do so with the utmost assiduity for nine weeks, during which time the female never took his place, nor was he ever observed to leave the nest. When the young were hatched, he alone took charge of them, and has continued to do so ever since, the female not appearing to notice them in any way. On reading this anecdote, many persons would suppose that the female emu was not possessed of that natural affection for its young which other birds have. In order to rescue it from this supposition, I will mention that a female emu, belonging to the Duke of Devonshire, at Chiswick, lately laid some eggs; and as there was no male bird, she collected them together herself and sat upon them."—*Ditto.*

Singular Robin's Nest.—"His present majesty, when residing in Bushy Park, had a part of the fore-mast of the Victory, against which Lord Nelson was standing when he received his fatal wound, deposited in a small temple in the grounds of Bushy House, from which it was afterwards removed, and placed at the upper end of the dining-room, with a bust of Lord Nelson upon it. A large shot had passed completely through this part of the mast, and while it was in the temple a pair of robins had built their nest in the shot-hole, and reared a brood of young ones. It was impossible to witness this little occurrence without reflecting on the scene of blood, and strife of war, which had occurred to produce so snug and peaceable a retreat for a nest of harmless robins.

"I am, (says our author,) more inclined to think that some birds, and the robin amongst the number, vary the materials with which their nests are built, not so much from the difficulty of procuring them, as for the purpose of assimilating their nests more nearly to the appearance of the objects which surround the situation in which they are built. I have observed this in a wren's nest, built in the thatch of a shed, and in another in a hay-rick, both of which had the external appearance of their nests different. I have also observed that, when a chaffinch has built its nest against the branch of some tree, the moss or lichens which compose the exterior part of the nest are similar in appearance to those which are found on the tree itself; so that it is sometimes very difficult to perceive the nest. This fact is curious, as it shows a powerful instinctive foresight, and may account to an ingenious naturalist previously referred to, for his not having found two chaffinches' nests exactly alike amongst the twelve specimens in his collection."—*Ditto.*

"*The Bears of the American Forest* are of a jet black colour, and are extremely mischievous and annoying to the inhabitants of the remote settlements,—destroying black cattle, sheep, and hogs. During winter they retire to some sequestered part of the forest, and select a den, which they prepare by closing it nearly over with branches and sticks, and making a bed within it of moss. During three or four months they live in these dens without food, and, according to the accounts of the Indians and others, who sometimes discover them, in a state of torpor, from which, however, they are easily roused.

"It is said that a bear, on leaving his den, is nearly as fat as at any period of the year; this is neither probable nor true. The vulgar, but absurd belief is that they live during winter by sucking their paws. Although bears are carniverous animals, they feed indiscriminately on berries or any thing in the shape of food. In summer they go prowling about, living on berries; or, if in the neighbourhood of settlers, watch and come on the cattle, sheep, or pigs in the evening, or during night. They are particularly fond of ant-hills, of all kinds of insects, and are dexterous in catching smelts, a species of small fish that swarm in the brooks. A great deal is related about the sagacity of bears, and there appear to be but few animals that possess a higher degree of instinct.

"Their strength and dexterity are astonishing, and the largest and most spirited bull is soon vanquished and killed by a full-grown bear. They seldom attack a horse; and, unless provoked, will rarely encounter a man. It is said that a bear, on hearing the human voice, will always run off, unless accompanied by its young. They are frequently caught in strong wooden traps, contrived so, that a heavy log, pressed down by several others, falls across the animal's back, and crushes it to death. Indians and others commonly lie in wait to shoot them near the remains of some large animal killed by a bear the preceding night, to which it generally returns, either to devour it, or carry it off. Spring-guns are sometimes set, with a string from the trigger to a bait, which, as soon as a bear lays hold of it, fires the gun. If a bear kill or catch either a calf, sheep, or pig, it carries it at once to some distance. An ox or cow seems too heavy a burthen, and a part is devoured where it is killed. The fur of the bear, if killed in season, is very valuable, but not now so fashionable as formerly."—*Macgregor's America.*

The Golden Eagle.—"This powerful bird breeds in the recesses of the sub-alpine country, which skirts the rocky mountains, and is seldom seen farther to the eastward. It is held by the aborigines of America, as it is by almost every other people, to be an emblem of might and courage; and the young Indian warrior glories in his eagle plume as the most honourable ornament with which he can adorn himself. Its feathers are attached to the calumets or smoking-pipes, used by the Indians in the celebration of their solemn festivals, which has obtained for it the name of the calumet eagle. Indeed, so highly are these ornaments prized, that a warrior will often exchange a valuable horse for the tail feathers of a single eagle. The strength of vision of this bird must almost exceed conception, for it can discover its prey and pounce upon it from a height at which it is itself, with its expanded wings, scarcely visible to the human eye. When looking for its prey, it sails in large circles, with its tail spread out, but with little motion of its wings; and it often soars aloft in a spiral manner, its gyrations becoming gradually less and less perceptible, until it dwindles to a mere speck, and is at length entirely lost to the view. A story is current on the plains of the Saskatchewan, of a half-bred Indian, who was vaunting his prowess before a band of his countrymen, and wishing to impress them with a belief in his supernatural powers. In the midst of his harangue, an eagle was observed suspended, as it were, in the air, directly over his head, upon which, pointing aloft with his dagger, which glistened brightly in the sun, he called upon the royal bird to come down. To his own amazement, no less than to the consternation of the surrounding Indians, the eagle seemed to obey the charm, for, instantly shooting down with the velocity of an arrow, it impaled itself on the point of his weapon."

"We saw the yerfalcon often during our journies over the barren grounds, where its habitual prey is the ptarmigan, but where it also destroys plover, ducks, and geese. In the middle of June, 1821, a pair of these birds attacked me as I was climbing in the vicinity of their nest,

which was built on a lofty precipice on the borders of Point Lake, in latitude 65½°. They flew in circles, uttering loud and harsh screams, and alternately stooping with such velocity, that their motion through the air produced a loud rushing noise; they struck their claws within an inch or two of my head. I endeavoured, by keeping the barrel of my gun close to my cheek, and suddenly elevating its muzzle when they were in the act of striking, to ascertain whether they had the power of instantaneously changing the direction of their rapid course, and found that they invariably rose above the obstacle with the quickness of thought, showing equal acuteness of vision and power of motion. Although their flight was much more rapid, they bore considerable resemblance to the snowy owl. At the period at which I saw them, the ground was still partially clothed with snow, and the lakes covered with ice; but the yerfalcon, like the *strix nyctea* of the same districts, is well calculated, from the whiteness of its plumage, for traversing a snowy waste, without alarming the birds on which it preys. As the ptarmigan partially migrate southwards in the winter, some of the yerfalcons follow them, and when one pounces down upon a flock, the ptarmigan endeavour to save themselves by diving instantly into the loose snow, and making their way beneath it to a considerable distance."

"*The Virginian Horned Owl* is found in almost every quarter of the United States, and occurs in all parts of the fur-countries where the timber is of a large size. Its loud and full nocturnal cry, issuing from the gloomy recesses of the forest, bears some resemblance to the human voice, uttered in a hollow, sepulchral tone, and has been frequently productive of alarm to the traveller, of which an instance occurred within my own knowledge. A party of Scottish Highlanders, in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, happened, in a winter journey, to encamp after nightfall in a dense clump of trees, whose dark tops and lofty stems, the growth of centuries, gave a solemnity to the scene that strongly tended to excite the superstitious feelings of the Highlanders. The effect was heightened by the discovery of a tomb, which, with a natural taste often exhibited by the Indians, had been placed in this secluded spot. Our travellers, having finished their supper, were trimming their fire preparatory to retiring to rest, when the slow and dismal notes of the horned owl fell on the ear with a startling nearness. None of them being acquainted with the sound, they at once concluded that so unearthly a voice must be the moaning of the spirit of the departed, whose repose they supposed they had disturbed by inadvertently making a fire of some of the wood of which his tomb had been constructed. They passed a tedious night of fear, and with the first dawn of day hastily quitted the ill-omened spot."

Mobility and Nobility.—When the peers were going in procession to Westminster Abbey, on the Fast Day, "the mildness of the day, coupled with the novelty of the spectacle, drew together an *unusual* though *elegant* mob! and the rush after their lordships in Poet's Corner was so alarming that many of the fair sex were compelled to retire from the tumultuous scene,"—*Morning Herald.* (An *elegant mob* is indeed rather an unusual affair, and the subsequent "doings" of the present respectable assembly were certainly in elegant keeping!)

Byron Illustrations.—The second number of this beautiful series is published, comprising seven plates, five of them after Stanfield. There is variety in their selection, as will be seen from their subjects, viz:—Corfu, the Franciscan Convent at Athens, the Residence of Byron in 1811; Lisbon, from Fort Almeida, (a bold and striking view;) Temple of Jupiter at Athens; Portrait of Ali Pacha; Palace of ditto, and View of Constantinople.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

In reply to numerous inquiries, we beg to state, that the First Volume of *The Literary Guardian* will be completed with the 27th number, to be published next week, when the *title* and *index* will be prepared. On the 6th of April, the First Number of the New Volume will be published, when some important changes, and we hope, improvements, which have been a considerable time in contemplation, and which we decide upon adopting at the repeated suggestion of a great number of our most respectable subscribers, will be introduced. In explanation of our plans and objects in this respect, we beg to insert the following complimentary letter which we have just, most opportunely, received from a respectable, and we must say, highly intelligent correspondent. N. B. The italics are of our own marking:—

"Doncaster, March 17, 1832.

"*To the Editor of The Literary Guardian.*

"Sir,—Having accidentally met with the fourth number (qu. part?) of your entertaining and improving miscellany, I was so much struck by the liberal and independent spirit of its criticisms, that I was induced to possess myself of the early numbers, and have since been its constant reader. Its contents have gradually so much increased in interest, that I and some others, who are now familiar with your labours, *regret the narrowness of your limits;* though we quite approve of your devoting your principal space to subjects of taste and literature, instead of dwelling upon those scientific details, which are less interesting to us, than they might be to our more active manufacturing neighbours at Leeds and Sheffield.

"Unacquainted with the profits to be derived from authorship, by any but the reader, it may be presumptuous to offer a suggestion, but my desire to *add to my stock of amusement*, and to *preserve it*, when acquired, induces me in this form to express my wish, that you would consider the expediency of *increasing the quantity of your matter, and also employing paper of a superior quality.* Surely you might find some convenient resting place at which to make the change, so that your subscribers, having previous notice, may have no ground of complaint. But I am persuaded, that the great majority of them would rejoice with me to see the change adopted; and I should hope, that the advance of a penny each paper would be sufficient compensation for the additional charge, and serve, at the same time, to distinguish your really valuable publication from some other periodicals, with which it ought not to be compared, or to be brought into competition. I remain, sir, your reader and well-wisher,

"A Lover of Literature."

Now this communication so exactly coinciding with our previous views, and so completely in every item anticipating our intentions, came to hand at the moment we were preparing to address our readers upon the subject. As it is, we need only briefly announce,—(what we hope will be received with satisfaction by all our friends, as well as secure the favour of a considerable increase of subscribers,)—that from and after the 6th of April, *The Literary Guardian* will be printed upon a larger and handsome sheet, the exact size and quality of *The Literary Gazette*,—that the length and width of the type will also be the exact measure of *The Literary Gazette*, and that the getting up and general appearance of the work will in many particulars be proportionably improved. A new and smaller type will be used for the poetry and notes, and the advertisements will also be printed and displayed in a peculiarly elegant new type. Whilst these important improvements in the *personal* appearance of *The Literary Guardian*, will place it upon an equal footing in that respect with its more expensive rivals, such increased diligence shall be used in the editorial department, that its enlarged capacity may be turned to good account, so as to comprise, weekly, a body of literary intelligence and selection much greater and more camprehensive than any other contemporary publication.

To meet the additional expenses necessarily incurred, *one penny* extra will only be charged, the price being *threepence* instead of *twopence*. By these means, we flatter ourselves, we shall offer the most effectual opposition to the malice and dis-

respectful-talking hitherto indulged in by envious rivals;—our paper in appearance can no longer be called "petty" nor "contemptible," and our price no more subject us to the sarcastic appellation of "two-penny turn-leaf," &c. In short, by the addition of some half-dozen inches to our stature, some pages to our capacity, a shade or two to our substance, and a penny to our price, we hope to maintain a "respectable" rank in periodical literature,—secure from illiberal attack, and far beyond the reach of malicious and ignorant carping.

N. B. For the convenience of our subscribers in general, we have the pleasure to announce that measures have been adopted for the punctual appearance of *The Guardian* at TWELVE O'CLOCK, every Friday, in time for delivery with the evening papers.

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